

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

The gospel train is coming,
It has just started moving,
And running through the land,
It bears the glad news.
They're coming round the curve,
Who's piping in her power,
And who's leading her to victory?
Get on board, get on board,
The gospel train is coming more.

She's bearing now in sight,
Her praises are so great,
She's singing in the air,
To follow on the line.
O winter! you're forever lost,
I fear you'll be forever lost.
O see the engine launders,
She's bearing in the air,
She's singing in the air, the Savior's blood,
But she's singing in the Savior's blood.
This is the gospel train,
The motto's new and old,
Never to let us down,
Always faithful to the soul.
All born there in gold.

Sister's nearing now the station,
Glad to see the gospel train.
But come and get your ticket
And get on board the train.
The train is clean and all can go,
No sooty dust to cloud the train,
No difference in the fare.

I think it's time to call,
To wood up on the hill,
And give you all a place to go,
But I don't know where they are.
Hear's coming round the mountain,
Do you hear the gospel train?

The service's on board the train
Comes from the gospel train.

We soon shall reach the station,
O how we shall sing!

With all our might, my boy,
We'll make all our sorrows,

And all our joys,

With Christ and all the saints

On this the gospel train.

Brigham's Famous Westboro Tavern Fifty Years Ago.

A half century ago the average New England town had no institution of more general interest than the village "tavern" or "public house." It was more than a temporary sheltering place for the traveler, for the citizens of the town had a certain consciousness of proprietorship which does not apply to the hotel of the present day. The landlord and landlady were, in many cases, looked upon as official characters, and their manner of dispensing hospitality had, seemingly, less of a commercial flavor than that which characterizes the modern hotel.

Fifty years ago "Brigham's tavern" in Westboro was among the famous public houses in this part of the state, and many of the older generation resident in that and adjoining towns will enjoy a reminiscence of the period.

Mr. Dexter Brigham purchased the hotel property and business in 1821, and for 25 years thereafter was its popular landlord. The tavern stood a few rods south of the present Westboro Hotel, facing the highway now known as South street. When purchased of the widow of Captain Gregory, the house was a simple wooden structure, with the main entrance in the center, and a hall-way running through to the rear. On the right of the entrance was the public parlor, and in its rear the family sitting room; on the left was the bar room, back of that the dining room, and the kitchen was a one-story projection built on the rear. On the second floor the main apartment was "the hall," the scene of many a merrymaking, where old and young were wont to assemble to enjoy the festivities incident to a dance or supper party. Two partition frames were fastened by hinges to the ceiling, and when there was an extra demand for lodging accommodations these were dropped to the floor, thus securing a division of the space into three apartments.

About three years after Mr. Brigham purchased the house, he enlarged it by an addition on the north side, when the new front corner apartment was taken for the house, and a separate entrance, with porch, was provided.

The four rooms was headquarters for the male population of the village, and here the political and social problems of the day were discussed by candle-light, the local congregation often being augmented by such of the traveling public as chanced to be in that pleasant harbor for the night. Liquors, wine and cider were in those days dispensed freely, and Mr. Brigham frequently laid in forty barrels of cider for his winter store. This was previous to the opening of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and all travel was by carriage. Heavy snows were constantly passing between the hotel and the town in this vicinity, and with the teamsters there was no more popular place than "Brigham's," at which to spend the night. The barn then stood north of the tavern, and in common with all barns connected with the public houses of that day, was built so that large wagons could drive through, the carriage way not being floored. Mr. George W. Parker was for a time employed by Mr. Brigham as hostler, and subsequently he entered into partnership with the latter in conducting the livery business.

Mr. Brigham was exceptionally efficient and satisfactory in the management of her department, and had an enviable reputation for skillfulness in cookery. On "lection Day" and "March Meeting Day" her cake was in great demand; not only was an immense quantity required for consumption at the tavern, but it was purchased by the heads of families to carry home as a luxury for wives and children.

Cake and sherry wine was daily called for, and for many years there was a large amount of sponge cake and Sunday-dinner puddings. In winter, after a heavy snow fall, the teamsters living most remote from the village would start out to "break roads" and being reinforced by volunteers at every house, would enter the village with a force of twenty or more yokes of oxen. These men were regarded as public benefactors, and the more enterprising the "creature comforts" were dispensed gratuitously at tavern and store.

The Boston and Worcester Railroad

was opened to Westboro in October, 1834, and until the following summer the town was the western terminus of the line. During the few months that Ashland (then known as Unionville) was the terminus, Mr. Brigham had a coach daily to meet the trains at the heavy silver-surf box attached general agent. Wm. Phillips was general agent; Wm. Phillips was general agent.

After this time the line gradually enlarged, the extension being, as before, on the north end, and one of the two square rooms that gained on the lower floor was afterward called the "train-waiting room," no provision being made for passengers at the station originally built. Plazas were built on the new section of the tavern, an entrance was located midway, and a long entry hall ran back to the original hallway with which the west entrance communicated. After this enlargement the north end of the house appeared substantially done the front of the main building to date.

The occasion of the arrival of the first railway train from Boston was a day of general rejoicing, observed by those who were present. It was a general holiday; the people donned their Sunday clothes and gave themselves up universally to enjoyment. Visitors came by carriage from the neighboring towns, and from Worcester came a party, conspicuous among which "Square Burdette" is remembered. On the train from Boston were some forty or fifty prominent men and railroad officials. No formalities had been arranged, but the enthusiasm of the Westboro people must have dignified expression; and who but "Squire Harrington," the village magnate, could do the honors? His speech was impromptu and brief, and perhaps was never recorded entire, but this detached and compact utterance of the "Squire's" seems destined to immortality: "We look for Boston! When lo! and behold! Boston is here!"

A response to this address was made by Mr. Wm. Jackson of Newton, a civil engineer who adjested land damages in the interest of the railroad corporation. The people were then invited to ride a few miles down the track, and the primitive coaches, of various designs were quickly filled to overflowing. The young people, however, were swarming on the roofs of the cars, and all were carried who could possibly gain a foothold. The short ride was made at a slow rate, and on the return trip, with an upgrade, the locomotive was barely able to move its heavy freight. Brigham's tavern did an immense business on that memorable day, and the amount of liquors consumed was enormous.

The Worcester party brought a liberal supply of claret, and when night came on, a large proportion of the participants in the celebration doubled somwhat confused ideas of railroading.

After this date Mr. Brigham discontinued the sale of liquor, and his establishment was called a "temperance house," although during the next few years wine and cider were sold moderately; for this practice was not then considered inconsistent with temperance principles; finally no liquid more potent than coffee was sold at the house.

During the nine or ten months that Westboro was the railroad terminus, the tavern business was greatly increased by the movements of the various coaches, which connected with trains to and from Boston. The Worcester and Dudley stages made one or two trips each way, and their passengers usually dined at the house. One of the Worcester stages was driven by a man named Taylor, who announced his approach by the clear notes of a huge horn. Trains were at that time very unreliable in their trips, and as crudely constructed locomotives frequently derailed, and many passengers were injured and lost fatally. The wounded passengers were brought to Westboro village and the tavern was converted into a temporary hospital; several surgeons chanceed to be of the party, and these rendered timely service. Among the wounded was the son of Ostello, the celebrated leader of the orchestra at the royal Trouvai Theatre in Boston, Soon after the collision a second train bound for Worcester reached Westboro and as the track was obstructed at the scene of the disaster, this was detained at the station. This greatly augmented the demand already large company gathered and the demand made upon the tavern was unprecedented; its resources were never more severely taxed, and the wants of the crowd were supplied so far as possible, but private citizens were obliged to some extent to minister to the material wants of the multitude.

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Vacation Rauble.

Mr. Editor:
The few days of vacation allotted us we decided to pass in a visit to the miniature Island City situated on the South Eastern end of Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine.

A most enjoyable ride of four hours in one of the fast express trains over the Eastern R. R. takes you from Bangor to the "Forest City" in comfort and speed of which but which few railroads can boast. splendid road bed, elegantly equipped passenger coaches and good management make this road the pride of the nation by the travelling public.

At Portland, we stepped on board the new steamer "City of Richmond," enjoyed a good night's rest in one of her comfortable state-rooms, and awoke refreshed at early morn with the steamer at the wharf in the charming city Rockland. From here to Mount Desert, the sail is one of beauty and grandeur, the weird and picturesque scenery viewed from the bunt deck of the steamer, as she glides swiftly along the enchanting islands, skimming and flashing beneath the rays of the morning sun, remind me of the mad girl's dream who visited the stars and found them to be islands of light strown thickly in the sky.

As you approach the place of your destination, rugged mountains mounting up in solemn grandeur and clad in purple gloom are seen on the one hand, and on the other, seaward, immemorial sand-bars are quietly resting in their loneliness in the distance.

ounding round the bow suddenly upon the view, numerous hotels, splendid residences and elegant cottages greet the earnest gaze of the pleasure seekers crowding upon the spacious steam deck.

On the wharf is a sea of heads of the natives and visitors who have rushed down to inspect the new arrivals.

We went to the West End hotel, placed ourselves in care of mine host Shaw, and that settled the question of having every moment enjoyable during our brief visit.

After dinner we were invited to take a seat in one of the famous back-board trestles, and behind a pair of jet black ponies (bundled by a driver who knew his business), we went to Eagle Lake and Otter Cliff, and could hardly believe that four hours of time had been consumed, so restful was the ride.

Your visit to Mt. Desert is incom-

peted without one of these charming drives. On the Island are thirteen mountains and thirteen lakes, all full of interest to the student of geology, the sportsman, the fisher and the artist.

The name of the island being a strange monogram, the town has been very appropriately named "Eden," and this is right; for it is in very truth an earthly paradise.

The route to Mt. Desert from the "Hab" is a cheap and rapid one. The steamer ride from Portland has been made what it is by the earnest and personal labors of Hon. Edward Cushing who has determined to give the traveling public such first-class service as the "General manager" of the P. & M. D. and M. Steamboat Co. The neat, new and fast steamer "City of Richmond" is in charge of her old commander Capt. William E. Dennison whom a more efficient Captain and accomplished gentleman never trod a steamer's deck. We were particularly struck with the attentions paid to the comfort of every passenger by all the officers of this steamer, in the most minute details.

To the readers of the "Herald" who are undecided where to go this summer, let me say look up the route and east of a visit to Mt. Desert, and take the trip, and "it will prove a golden mark in the calendar of your lives and linger in the chambers of your memory when all other names will have faded and passed away forever."

B

Our Wisconsin Letter.

Milwaukee, June 15th, 1884.

Mr. Editor:
When I last wrote you from the South, I had intended to write again and say more about life there, but I changed latitude soon after and had to leave the palm trees, orange and Derby tourist for the ice and snows of Lake Michigan. Have walked myself back in the South a hundred times when struggling for existence with the horrors of a Wisconsin Spring. Am afraid that New England Springs are disconnected entirely by this. But I won't complain now as we are all alive and well, and it has thawed a little in the ave every day for past month, and today Boston is fairly upon us.

The city has put on her Summer dress of green and gold and sets aside Milwaukee to be a real beauty city as she stands there like the flower and bloom of Sommery in location contrast to the sharp bite of Lake Michigan.

On a high cliff overlooking the lake, much as our cliffs in the west the front part of the city stands. And as we look out on that great Island sea of fresh water with its shipping of all descriptions, except ships, we're most fancy we can see Cape Cod. It's not on the western horizon, or I think

Light or Cape Ann on the North. But also, the placid lake where tide is always full, gives back no answer to our sight for a salt sea breeze laden with the smell of sea weed from the gulf, or bearing homeward the fleet of boats with their fares of Cod, Mackeral and Lobster. The western cities Milwaukee has an abundance of trees, and the long shady streets with their woodwalks and boulevards, remind one of a large country town, while the regular blocks of the city, give it the appearance of a vast checkerboard, about which the players move as if they had lost interest in the game, and had nothing to do but to play it out and enjoy the summer.

Don't get the idea that we are not full of business here, for we are. But the great width of the streets prevents any jam, and the houses moves about like insects in the country.

Milwaukee is a manufacturing city and quite metropolitan in style, and the amount of business done would astonish one if crowded into a small place like some of our Eastern towns.

Am told she is noted for beer, brick and sausages, and I think beer takes the lead, for there are no less than 40 cars of beer shipped from here per day. Many people here have scruples against drinking water as it doesn't agree with their constitution, and as about half the population in German, I shouldn't think it did judging from the taste.

The brick are all cream color and glow with a reddish incandescent look. They are very neat when first laid but do not hold the color well and lack that decision that red brick have.

There are some very fine buildings that would be a credit to any city, and many large wholesale houses that have a heavy trade in the North West. As Milwaukee is the metropolis of Wisconsin she is destined to be one of the large cities of the West, and one of which the people may well be proud.

It will not be many years before her population of 120,000 will be doubled. If you wish to see the city in all its parts you may start with Poland, pass through Germany, take a short trip to Norway and Sweden cross over to Ireland and finally land in America where you will find some that can speak your language.

Don't fail to ride on one of the "bob tail" horse cars (I beg pardon I mean mules) built on the ordinary principle to hold just so many, where every passenger is his own conductor, and the driver is cashier.

On the while Milwaukee is a fine place to live in Summer, and if ever you come this way you will be proud to stay a while in Milwaukee.

Grass Auction

Will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, July 1, at 7 P.M.

2 1/2 Acres

Standing ENGLISH GRASS

New Mr. Tinker's place,
and 4 acres of Salt Marsh.
Taxes made known at sale.

JOHN ROGERS,
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This Hotel is pleasantly located, commanding view of the village and sea.

Mountain and Water Scenery.

Having long enjoyed and very impressively made the present season, a new statute water throughout the building.

Gas, Electric Amusement, Fire Escape, and all the appointments of a first-class hotel.

Letters and Telegrams receive prompt attention.

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